business;

JUAN KNIGHT, A MILLIONAIRE OF GUATEMALA CUTY.

Bo Was Born on a Plantation in Mississippi and Sold When 16 for \$1,000-breed by the War, He Made a Fortune in the Fruit Trade-His Influence in Central America. Los Angeles, Cal., Dec. 5,-"The most re markable person I saw in my travels in Central America." said Major Edward M. Powell, was Don Juan Knight of Guatemala. I saw him several times in Guatemala City, met him once, went through his handsome residence

near the city, and found him a most agreeable man and a most interesting subject for study. From a dozen old residents of Guatemala City I heard the story of his wonderful career: 'Juan Knight is the Spanish for plain John Knight, and the possessor of this name, which means so much everywhere in Guatemala, is

a negro who was born in slavery in Mississippi. Every one in Guatemala and all the financial and commercial interests in Central America know about him. His wealth is popularly rated in Guatemala at \$4,500,000, and he is thought by conservative men to be worth fully \$3,000,000. But for an unlucky deal in bonds of an electric car line in Guatemain City a year ago, he would be about \$1,200,000 better off to-day. He is a man about 5 feet 10 inches tall, weighs 160 pounds. and is so light colored that one would take him for a dark Central American, only for his kinky hair. He speaks English and Spanish well, is a thorough reader of the news of the day, and is proud of America. He is an energetie, restless man even yet, with all his for-Tine-tune, and he has dozens of schemes for inereasing his wealth several times over before olm rests ready to retire permanently from

had world is said by people generally in Guatemala that Juan Knight has an annual income of about \$400,000. He spends more than \$100,-000 of this, for he and his big family live in royal style, and the whole family gives generously to charity. Once last June Don Juan gave more than \$5,000 (about \$2,300 in American money) to help along a fair for the support of the old and indigent women in Guatemala. The enormous income of this remarkable negro comes from his great coffee plantations, his gold mines, his big banana plantation, his investments in banking, steamboat and wharf stocks. If he saves only onehalf his income through another decade, he will have another \$2,000,000 fortune at his command. But he is constantly engineering great financial schemes, and thereby adds

"The home of Juan Knight is one of the places that visitors in Guatemala City drive out to see. It is about three miles west of the suburbs of the quaint, straggling old city. The house is a sprawling two-story affair with more than thirty unusually large rooms. The Central Americans who are rich love to have big rooms in their houses. The parlor at the Knight mansion is eighty feet square and the other rooms are in proportion. The house is furnished with costly furniture from roo to foundation. There are in it satin and mahogany sofas, grand planes and enormous mirrors from Paris and velvet carpets from New York. The rooms were decorated by a corps of artists from New Orleans and they were five months at work. The dining room alone must have cost a small fortune. It is finished throughout in polished mahogany and plate glass mirrors. The floor is a mosaic of the rarest hard woods in the forests of Central America. There cannot be a more elaborate floor anywhere in the Union. The grounds about the house comprise about two acres. They have been embellished with marble copies of statuary from Italy and France with a maze of twisting paths, clumps of shrabbery, artificial grottoes, beds of bright flowering plants and unique designs in lawns

and vines. Besides this the Knight family has another "Besides this the Knight family has another estate of 5,000 acres out at the mountains, where the coffee hieas flourish. The whole property is under thorough cultivation. The flust orchids in the country are on this plantation. There are acres of roses, filles in rows a half mile long, and winding roads amid the coffee, pineatrie and banana fields. The buildings for the inberers families and the great fruit harvesting structures, backing houses and coffee-curing plants have been exceeded at an expense of over \$10,000.

"There are seven children in Juan Knight's home, and all have been educated in the United States. Two of the boys are in a military academy in Mississippi now. One daughter is a portrait panater in Boston. Once in two years the father and mother go on a trie to New Orleans. They were in Europe in 1864 and they have sent their children thicher with nurses and chaperous many times.

years the father and mother go on a trie to New Orleans. They were in Europe 1a 1834 and they have sent their children thinker with nurses and chaperous many times.

The story of Juan Knight's life is the story of a siave boy's rise to fortune and extraordinary influence. In some particulars it seems almost incredible, but no one in the city doubts it. Juan Knight never knew his father, because the latter was spild in a batch of slaves that went to Georgia a few months before the Guatemaian millionaire was born in slavery in Mississippi. His mother was a mulatto woman who became by inheritance the property of a tobacco grower named Daniel Union at Dadeville, Taliapoosa county, Ala, Knight says that Upton was a scholarly, kind man, who treated his slaves well. His wife was a former schoolleacher who believed it her duty to guide and protect the black people on the plantation. The Unions looked upon shevery as ordained by 2the Scriptures. Mrs. Union land a brother, John S. Knight, and the little black baby born in an outbuilding on the plantation one spring morning in 1844 or 1845 was anamed after him. The child was active and bright. Mrs. Inton noticed that he took an uncommon interest in the instruction given to her own and her sister's children. In the summer, when teacher and pupils sat on the plazza of the house, John sat on the ground nearby and listened to all that went on. The zeal of the slave hoy for an education so appealed to Mrs. Urfor that she gave him sufficient lessons to get him started in studies by himself. Later Mr. Upon also became interested in 'little black John,' as the boy was known, and helped him. That simple education on the Alabama plantation was the corrorestone upon which the boy later built him success.

"When old enough the boy went and worked with his mother and the other slaves in the fields, but he had special privileges in the evenings, and while his associates did the chores of the place he was hermitted to read and study. At about 16 Knight was the most promising negro in Ta

hard, saved every cent, and dreamed of the day when he would be an orange, pineapple and banana shipper on his own account. He learned of the great tracts of fersile lands adapted to traits south of San Cristers, in Guaternala, etc. went and located there. A live, wide-awake berson was something unique in those days in that region of slessas and tropical sunshine. A revolution in which liamon Sanchez was decosed from the Presidency was at its close, and Knight saw an opportunity to get in favor with the new administration. He proposed, in return for a concession of some \$0.000 acres of land suitable for pineapple and banana growing, to go to New Orleans and get the wholesale fruit dealers, who ruled the Southern markets thirty years and, to agree to hay \$2.000,000 a year of functennian fruits. The Guaternalan Government accepted the proposition. In three months the deal was consummated at New Orleans. It was the beginning of a trade amounting to millions of dollars annually. That opened knight's eyes to further possibilities. In later years he got other concessions, when he demonstrated the profit there was in growing fruit for the United Rates markets. The shipping business to New York and San Francisco was enormously enlarged, and of his first great fields of rineamdes and bananas and orange groves increased in value fivefold in four years. By 1871 the negro was the largest employer of labor in northern Guatemala, but Knight's experience among the slaves stood hip in good stead.

The was rich and over 30 when he marvied

a young native woman in Istapa, and the marriage has been a great help to his fortunes. About twenty years ago he induced New England capital to embark extensively in coffee growing in Gustemala, and he invested \$100,000 of his own capital in the industry. The Government gave him very advantageous concessions for his efforts in bringing capital to the country. Coffee growing proved wonderfully remunerative for a dozen years. At one time the annual shipments of coffee from the knight mass were the largest from any private estate in all Central America.

"With abundant sabital and a head full of ambitious schemes the negro planter branched out in other directions. He went to Philadelphia and contracted to furnish so many thousand feet of mahogany yearly for ten years. Then he bought up tracts of mahogany trees in Nicaragua and Guatemala. At one time he was the second largest dealer in mahogany logs in the world. Everything be touched he made a success. His severest blow was the death of his ideal Guatemalam—President Rulino Harrios, who was killed in battle in April, 1885, Had Barrios succeeded in uniting the Central American recubiles, it would have more than drubled the value of Juan Knight's properties, and made him a person of larger influence in Central America. With Barrios he formed the syndicate that built the first telegraph lines in Guatemala. He igvested his capital and induced American confee growers down there to build a railroad connecting the Gulf of Mexico with Guatemala.

"For a few months after the death of Barrios in 1885 public affairs in Central America looked very discouraging, and there were rumors that Knight was on the verge of bankruntey. But there came a quick turn in fortune's wheel for him, and soon he was once more making lots of money. In 1883 the shalts and tunnels that he had been boring for years began to develop valuable mines. He had taken out gold for a half dozen years the mines that this man owns in northern Guntemala and one in Costa Rica. He has even invented machinery for

road now being built across Guatemaia. He was Chairman of the Board of Trustees of the large institute at Quezaltenango from 1883 until ten years after Barrios's death. He is as topular as any outsider, especially an American, can be in any Central American country. He is said to be a man of many eccentricities. He will not be photographed on any account. A few years ago his old friend Barrios wished to be undographed together with the millionaire mine owner and coffee grower, who had rendered him such useful and ardent support, and Enight had to go and beg to be permitted to be excused. Another eccentricity is his invariable custom of wearing a red shirt, no matter what the fabric or the occasion, He has shirts of all degrees of redness and pinkness, but there is always some red in them. Gossip in Guatemala City has it that when he was a poor ranged youth in New Orleans thirty years ago he was told one day by an old negro woman on the wharf that re! was his lucky color, and upon making a trial he became convinced that the old woman was correct. Orghestral music is very popular in Central America, and the flute is always an instrument in the orchestra, but Juan Enight his own magnificent sleeping apartment or in his private office except that furnished by a common tallow candle. He will never us a bill on the 14th of the month and will net undertake any financial scheme on Fridar."

CAPT. KIDD AND HIS NEIGHBORS His House in Wall Street and His Respect

able Friends-Was an Unfortunate Pirate At the last meeting of the New York Historial Society William S. Pelletreau read a paper on the subject of where Capt. Kidd lived and who his neighbors were. The Captain, according to Mr. Pelletreau, had very respectable neighbors, some of the best people of the city of New York living close to him in Wall stree and its vicinity. In fact, Mr. Pelletreau was rather pained to note that among modern New Yorkers some of the very respectable people of older days of the city are not so well remembered as the pirate Captain who dwelt among them. As an instance, he cited an experience at the time the statue of Recorder John Watts was put up in Trinity churchyard. Of five young fellows who stood looking on, all ofwhom presumably had had the benefits of a common school education in the city, three when asked who John Watts was answered: "You've got me;" one said that he was the hymn writer, and another that he invented the steam engine. "Any of these would have been able to tell who Capt. Kidd was," said Mr. Pelletreau. The incident may have suggested itself through the connection of the name of Gen. De Puyster, who erected the statue with the

history of Capt. Kidd's New York residence. Col. Abraham De Puyster was the most important neighbor the pirate Captain had, Mr. Pelletreau said. Capt. Kidd lived at what is lots of that neighborhood have undergone changes in the last two centuries, that lot re-mains as it was laid out at the time Kidd lived on it. It seemed a bit curious, with all the stories of Kidd's wealth in mind, to hear the speaker say that Capt. William Kidd never bought a lot, never built a house and never owned one Kidd came into his Wall street house by marringe. After the need for the wall which gave Wall street its name had disappeared the property on the north side of the street was bought in part on speculation. In 1680 George Brown, mailster, sold a lot there to William Cox for £60. Cox was drowned in August of that year off Staten Island, and in 1891 his widow married Capt. Kidd. Mr. Pelletreau said that the only person who seems to have said a good word for Capt Kidd that has come down to us was a

person who seems to have said a good word for Cape Kidd that has come down to us was a brother-in-law, Samuel Bradley, who praised him in a will which he made in 1633.

Bradley, however, outlived Kidd, Cox had left his property in such shape that his wife inherited the Wall street house. She did not, Mr. Pelletroau said, from the evidence that is attainable, lose any social standing by marrying Kidd. Col. De Puyster owned the property all along William street, near Wall, and the grounds were known as De Puyster's Gardens. The land remained in the De Puyster family many years. There were plenty of neighbors on the egat, along Fearl street. The Kidds held property in the neighborhood of 27 Pine street, and some authorities say that it was the Captain's intention to build on those lots, but on July 3, 19-3, he and his wife sold them to Gapt. Thomas Clark, who, in February, 1695, sold them at a good profit. In 1633 the Kidds sold some land to Robert Livingston, who built two houses on it. He lived until 1728. Another important neighbor of Kidd was James Graham, an Alderman, who one night was stabbed with a sword by Capt. James Baxter. Many witnesses were examined, but thoy proved as bilind as the proverbial bat. They all knew that the Alderman had been stabbed and that the Captain had had something to say to him privately, but none saw the thrust. Dierck Vander Cliff, proprietor of the well-known house of entertainment on the north side of Maiden lane, near Gold street, was one of the blind witnesses. The gentlemen had been drinking wine and cider at his place.

Kidd came to his end on May 12, 1701, when he was hanged in England. His wife soon afterward married again and outlived her third husband. Mr. Pelletreau said that Capt. Kidd, as he walked about the city in three.

Kidd came to his end on May 12, 1701, when he was hanged in England. His wife soon afterward married again and outlived her third husband. Mr. Pelletreau said that fahe was innocent the question was pertinent. "How did he accumulate all bis prope

with felony there was little chance for him to escape; there was recourts of appeal, and if he was fried and condemned one day of a week, the following Friday saw him hanged."

Mr. Pelletreau suggested that among all the memorine absets which were being put up, one might appropriately be erected on the site of Capt. Raid's Wall street house, with an inscription saving that there had lived the pirate Cart. Ridd: who broke God's laws as he sailed, and who, had he kept them, would have been happier but less famous.

An elderly member of the society said that he remembered as a boy having seen people searching for Capt. Ridd's treasure up the North River, although it was a fact that after Ridd recruited his pirate crew here he never in his life came nearer to the city again than Oyster Bay. There were lots of reputable people in New York in those days, this member said, who were making money by collusion with other pirates. Ridd, he said, was one of the most unfortunate of pirates.

Ingenuity of a Brooklyn Black Cat. A family in Brooklyn was recently annoyed

every morning by finding the bottle of milk loft by the milkman on the front stoop knocked over and the contents gone. One night a memthe next morning and watch for the culprit. Soon after the young man had taken up his station he was rewarded by seeing a large black cat come across the veranda, knock over the bottle and calmly lap up the milk which had been spilled. Now the family puts out a large tia can. COCOPAH INDIANS' WAYS. ALLCOCK, THE SQUAW MAN, TELLS OF HIS LIFE AMONG THEM.

They Live in Lower California and Have

Always Held Their Own with the Apaches
-Their Refinement as Compared with Other Tribes-Their Sports and Customs. SAN DIEGO, Cal., Nov. 29,-Allcock, the Cocopah squaw man, was at Cuero de Venado he other day. Allcock is well known along the frontier, and his history is remarkable. It is hard to find nowadays a white man who has apent his life with the Indians, in captivity at first, and latterly by choice. Alleock does not know his Christian name, if he has any, and knows nothing whatever concerning his parents, except that they were ploneers coming to California on the Texas route. Alleock is about 50 years of age, judging by civilized standards. But he is so hearty and bronzed, with his long hair looped back in the Cocopali

fashion, that it is difficult to estimate his ago This man has spent his life on the desert, The Cocopah stronghold is in the Cocopah Mountains in lower California, between the coast and the Colorado River, and nearer the river than the coast. The Cocopah range is econdary to the main range of the Sierra Madres: it is, in fact, a little low range of foot hills rising out of the desert and dropping into that monotony of gray some seventy-five miles further to the south. The northern end of the Cocopans is Black Mountain, or Sierra Prieta. famous landmark on the desert. Not far from it runs the old wagon road between this

city and Yuma. Allcock has the build of a white man, modi fled by his life on the desert. He stoops slightly, but when one sees him in motion it is apparent that this is only the customary Indian stoop. He can run a day's journey about as well as any of the Cocopahs. He frequently makes a run of seventy-five miles without ar parent effort. He speaks Spanish with the customary Indian ignorance and dropping of let-ters, and of course he speaks the Cocopah language. With English he has a an acquaintance-no more than the other members of the

When he was a child of 3 or 4 years he was stolen by the Indians at Fort Yuma and taken to their camp. He says he can remember the incident, and can remember dimly a journe with his parents before his capture. He does not know whether his parents were killed or whether they went on without him. He says he does not know where he learned that his name was Allcock, but is sure that is his name. He might have been informed of this by the Indian agent on the Rio Colorado.

In speaking with Allcock in Spanish a great deal of interest was learned concerning him self and the habits of the Cocopah Indians who are the best specimens physically of any Indians in the Southwest. They are the only Indians who have always held their own with the Apaches, who fear them and respect them. The Cocopah warrior is a pretty husky indi vidual, being able to travel seventy or eighty miles between dusk and dawn. He is crafty too, and is a match with the Apache for cunning stratagems. Physically he is superior being larger and with greater endurance. All

being larger and with greater endurance. Allcock said:

"I have no fault to find with my lot. I
am happy. The desert is my home, and I
regard the Cocopalis as my people. I am a
white man, and maybe I should live in towns;
but I was at San Diego once, and such a mass
of people! Cielos! They were walking in the
streets as far as I could see! I was greatly
abashed, and was glad to get my pony and
leave. I was homesick for the desert. I shall
not go to San Diego any more.
"I grew up with some of the men who are
now the leaders of the tribe. They would make
me leader if I said so. I do not wish to be a
chief or captain. They ask me for my opinion,
and I tell them what is best to do. But they
know as well as I what to do. They are honest
and we are happy. I have a wife and babies,
They are strong and well. They are brown as
Indians, every one.
"As I grew up the Cocopalis showed me how."

They are strong and well. They are brown as "That grew uithe Geocpahs showed me how to run, how to shoot, how to hunt deer, how to to run, how to shoot, how to hunt deer, how to taill the ribora justilesake and how to find the plant that kills his poison. They taught me, how to dance, and I searned their language. It is more beautiful than Spanish, and English is not so beautiful than Spanish. It is pleasant in the desert, where it is warm and the moon shines clear, close to the earth. We live well, deep the control of the following that the strong deep than the control of the following that the strong deep than the

ethics. He is right when he says that every camp of white men in the Cocopah country is watched by an Indian. Capt. Newton H. Chittenden, the Igmous traveller and Indian archæologist, said that all the time he was on the desert an Indian or two remained with him at night. He did not notice the coincidence at first, but after five or six nights he took note, and invariably, near sundown, an Indian, one he had never seen before. He would ask for supper and tobacco, and, after partaking of the white man's hospitality, would curl up in his blanket and sleep. The unfailing regularity with which the Indians appeared, and always with the same excuse, that they had been hunting deer and were belated, excited Capt. Chittenden's suspicion: but, as the Indians did not harm him, he did not molest them, but good-naturedly accepted their espionage during bisstay in their country.

MODERN SPILE DRIFTING.

Done Nowadays Almost Altogether by Steat -Experts at the Work. Wherever a spile driver is seen at work there s sure to be seen also a more or less numerous knot of lookers-on, for the spile driver is always an object of interest, and doubly so when it is operated by an expert who keeps

the great weight going. The rope to which the weight is attached runs up and through a pulley overhead and then down to a drum, around which it is wound and unwound as the weight is raised and let fall, the action of the drum being controlled by means of a lever; by the use of another lever steam is turned on or off. The operator turns on the steam and connects the drum and raises the weight, along the ways on which it slides to the top of the frame or to whatever height is desired and then shuts off the steam and dis onnects the drum. No longer held, the weight falls, dragging the rope after it, the drum turning as it unwinds. Then the steam is turned on, the drum connected and the weight again raised to be again let fall.

The expert operator of a spile driving machine handles it with such skill and certainty that when the weight has fallen the rope to which it is attached is scarcely permitted to loop down upon the top of it; the instant the blow has seen delivered he checks the drum, turns on the steam, and starts the weight up again. And he keeps this up continuously, giving never more than just about so much slack to the rope, though the conditions under which th blows are delivered change more or less with blow, depending upon the distance to which the spile has already been driven, and the nature and resistance of the ground. The operator takes all these things into account i running the machine, and as a rule the exper-

the nature and resistance of the ground. The operator takes all these things into account in running the machine, and as a rule the expert gets it just right every time, with just enough slack and no more, and he raises the great weight and lets it fall almost as rapidly as a man would wield a sledgehammer. It is a fascinating and interesting sight.

Before the introduction of steam spile drivers, which have been in use less than forty years—the first steam spile driver used in this city was built in 1842—spile drivers were operated by hand. There are plenty of middle-aged people who will recall the slow and laborious method of operation. The drum, or barrel, upon which the holsting rope was wound was turned by means of two cranks, one on each side of the machine, with cogwheel attached to the end of the barrel. With, it might be, two men on each crank, the weight was slowly raised.

In those days the sule-driver weight was held by the jaws of a calliperlike contrivance attached, with the long arms up, to the end of the lifting rope. The weight was commonly raised every time to the top of the frame, on the inner sides of which, near the top, there were, one on each side, bracketlike projections against which the long arms of the weight holder were brought as the weight was lifted. Gradually as the weight was lifted still higher these long arms were crowded closer together, with the result of opening the short arms or laws below and releasing the weight to drop upon the head of the spile. Then the holder at the end of the rope was run down to it again, and once more hooked on, and again the men began tugging at the cranks. It was work which would look strange enough now to those who had never seen any but a steam spile driver. There are sometimes used nowadays weights as heavy as 6,000 pounds. The rear are sometimes used nowadays, on water work, would be one of 2,500 pounds. There are shell in usehere and there a few of the old-fashied in the old-fashioned land spile drivers was about 1,400 pounds. There are sho

ships. Very long spiles are needed in some places to reach through the depth of water found and through the mud below, and down into secure footing. Sticks of a hundred feet in length have been used for spiles, and spiles eighty to ninety feet in length would not now be considered remarkable. Spiles of sixty feet are more common, however, and around the city water front the spiles used would average about fifty feet. Spile drivers are commonly associated in the mind with the waterfront, but in comparatively recent years they have been seen, as one might say, on land, and in some of the city's busiest streets, driving spiles for the foundations of some lofty modern building; in which use, however, spiles have in turn been more or less superseded by calssons.

There is now a spile driver that is a steam hammer; the weight being attached to a piston working in a steam cylinder. The stroke of the piston is less than the ordinary holst of the rope-lifted weight; the blows of the steam hammer more frequent.

The few old-fashioned, hand-worked spile drivers still to be found here and there may be used in places more or less remote from active centres, or they might be found near a big city, in which case they would be small plants with a weight of 500 or 600 or. maybe, a small wharf which he looked after himself, and who found it cheaper to drive the few spiles that he needed to put down occasionally with such a plant of his own than to keep a steam driver or to hire it done. But spile driving in general, nowadays, is done by steam, and there is no more striking illustration of the difference between the new and the old ways of doing things than that afforded by the modern spile driver.

TROUT COOKED ON THE HOOK. Conclusion of One Story Told About the

Wonders of Yellowstone Park.
"You needn't think that just because I have been out there I am going to give you all the details of a surprise which I did not feel at the stock tales of the Yellowstone Park," said the critical tourist. "Anybody knows that boiling water will cook fish, and so long as you know that the Yellowstone is full of geysers and boiling springs I don't see what there is wonderful about catching a trout and then turning around and dangling it in a boiling spring until it is cooked. It would begin to be wonderful if boiling water didn't cook fish everywhere.

"But I wish when they are telling this old story they'd finish it up-make it complete. The next time you hear anybody tell that story just you watch out for the way it ends. never ends. The man tells how he caught the trout. Well and good; anybody can eatch hundreds of trout in those overstocked waters. Then he tells how he swung around on his hee and, without taking the fish from the hook,

Then he tells how he swung around on his heel and, without taking the fish from the hook, lowered it into a pool of boiling water and cooked it. Well, what's the end of the story? There isn't any end. He just chortles about how he was overcome by the marvels of nature and that sort of thing. He doesn't say another word about the fish. Now, if you will only let the marvels of nature alone and keep your eye fixed on the fish with which the story began it will look mightly different.

"There is the pool of boiling water pretty handy, but not by any means to be reached by pivoting on the fisherman's hee! Then just so to have something to talk about when he gets home the fisherman souses his live trout into the boiling water. If it's cruelty to broil a live lobster there ought to be something done to a man who will boils trout alive. And it spoils the fish: the man has to throw it away after he has shoved it through nature's marvels for the sake of his miserable little story. Nobody can eat a trout that has been boiled with all its scales on and all the machinery in place: it's got to be thrown away. There's another thing, too, about this story. The next time you hear it ask the man if he took the trout out of the rood of boiling water. If he says he did, then the fish didn't begin to be cooked, for anybody who has ever seen a holled fish of any sort knows that when it's done it won't hold together tight enough to be lifted unless it's wrapped in a napkin before it's cooked.

"So there you have the plain facts about cooking trout on the hook. I know, because I though it was such a great marvel of nature that I had to go and try it. Then I saw what happened, and I haven't yet got through feeling disgusted with myses!"

UNCERTAIN STUD POKER. A GAME PLAYED BY CONTRACTORS

OUT IN OREGON.

There Was a Heart Disease Inciting Finish to It, and It Taught the Dealer to Stick to Ordinary Draw-Profit in The Dalles's Misfortune to Rival Contractors. WASHINGTON, Dec. 10 .- "Somehow or an-

ther, I don't like the game of stud," said a Government contractor from Portland, Ore. 'It's too much of a strain to play stud. There are too many heart-breaking and headacheproducing possibilities attached to the mysterious card the other fellow has got in the hole. I'd rather take the chance of guessing what all of his five cards are than to engage in the perspiring business of trying to figure out the horrible possible value of the one blind card. especially if the four cards he has exposed are capable of being amplified into a hand of the topper kind by the addition of that bit of pasteboard in the pit. I can't get away from the impression that it's just like putting all of your money in one sock to play stud. Now, here's a good deal to the game of draw besides mere bluffing. In fact, bluffing is al-most an obsolete feature of the game among the experts at draw poker. The man that plays his head in draw will beat the bluffer

every time in year-in-and-year-out play.

"The folks cut my way had the stud poker fad pretty badly about eight or ten years ago. but now they've got back to their first love and stick pretty generally to the game of California draw-which, by the way, is a whole lot different game from the draw you people back here play. For example, a man sprung a thing on me last night that he called a pat straight, I had three aces, but he said his pat straight topped me, and as he had his gang with him I had to look pleasant and let him rake in the money. If a man out on the Slope were to talk pat straight to a party of aborigines, they'd conduct him to the Alcalde's calaboose and have him locked up to await a commisslop's decision as to his responsibility

"But to get back to the period when the stud poker fad got hold of us out in Oregon. I was witness of a heart-disease finish of a game of that kind a few years back that caused me o decide that ordinary draw was good enough for my money right along. It was right after the big fire that ate up the best part of The Dalles eight years ago. As soon as the building contractors of Portland got word to the effect that The Dalles was being licked up by the flames, they hopped aboard trains and made for The Dalles with an eye to business. They knew that The Dalles, which was chiefly wooden layout before the fire, would be immediately rebuilt in brick and stone, and that the contractors who got on the scene of ruin first would scoop in the bulk of the business. Two of these contractors were-well, I'll have to side-step on their names, for they're two of the most prominent citizens out on the banks of the Willamette, and both of 'em walk up the middle aisle on Sundays as if they never heard of such a thing as stud poker. Both of them are Irishmen, which is why neither of 'em could see that he was licked on this occasion. "One of them, we'll say, was Dan Carmody, and the other was Tim Feeney. Carmody got into The Dalles a few hours ahead o Feeney, and he made those few hours count He went around to the business men of The Dalles who had been wiped out by the fire, and

Dalles who had been wiped out by the fire, and asked them what they wanted with him. They hadn't burned the wires up telegraphing for Carmody to come to them, but Carmody about convinced them that they had done just this thing, and he began making estimates for 'em with pencil and pad. He corralled them in the one remaining hall of the town and told them to go ahead and just let him know what they wanted of him. Carmody's cyclonic nerve appealed to their fancy, and they found themselves juggling with the figures Carmody was putting down on his pad. Three hours after Carmody struck The Dalles from Fortland he had in his inside coat pocket rough drafts of contracts to build a new stone business block, including a theatre, and also to erect a large, ornate hotel, the cost of both buildings to be not more than \$550,000. Oh, Carmody was a hustler all right.

not more than \$350,000. Oh, Carmody was a hustler all right.

"He had an idea that his friend and business rival, Tim Feeney, would be down on the next train from Portland, and he went to the station to receive him. Sure enough, Feeney stepped off the next incoming train. Carmody had his thumbs in the armholes of his waistcoat and a big eigar stuck aggravatingly in his teeth when Feeney ran into him. Feeney's jaw fell

"When did you get in, Dan?' he asked Carmody.

mody. Three hours ago, replied Dan, with a grin.
"Feeney made a funny motion, as if to jump aboard a train that was just pulling out for Portland, but he came back to his cheerful rival and asked him:
"Anything doing, Dan?"

'Carmody executed two very shifty' ile ster oken of his happiness, and then rea

For a Mulligan that knows so little about business as you. Tim. said Carmody, you've got a mighty erafty way about you of making it appear that you're bluffing. We'll try it aguin, and from now on I'll know that when you look and talk like you're bluffing you've got the band.

"Both men had been ringing up the steward's boy a good deal during the progress of the game, and they were not, therefore, any acresober than was necessary. On the very next

hand Feeney took a big bunk out of his rival. He had three deuces face up and Carmody had three jacks on top. Feeney began to bet \$100 with so much natty confidence that Carmody decided that his compatriot was adopting new tacties in buffing, and, quite naturally, with his three nice-looking jacks plainly in sight, he not only stood every raise, but raised back the limit every time.

"I figure it this way, said Carmody, abstractedly to himself, when there was nighout \$4,000 in chips in the centre of the baize. This Harp from Connemars seroes the table can't turn two of these tricks one right after the other. The rerventage of the game is ogainst such a thing as that. And he's just berky and sassy because he thinks I'm on to his first exhibited system of bluffing. Tim, another \$100, if you want to feast your Mulligan blue eyes on this other knave of mine in the hole."

hole.' 'And \$100,' said Feeney, with all the con

gan blue eyes on this other knave of mine in the hole."

"And \$100," said Feeney, with all the confidence in life.

"Thus they went on for fully fifteen minutes, until the proportions of the pot ware really alarming, considering that neither of the men was a millionaire or anything like it. There was \$7.200 in the middle of the table when Carmody wilted. He attempted to put his wilt on philanthropic grounds.

"With a drink or two in you, Tim, he said, "With a drink or two in you, Tim, he said, you're an ineautious and an unwise citizen for a man humping along toward 60 years of age.—Feeney wasn't more than 48, and didn't look that. And Mrs. Feeney's been telling my wife for the past tweive years that she's aching to have a look at the old sod, but that her man Tim considers himself too poor for the journey. So I won't be the means of casting gloom around your household. Tim, I see your \$100, and what's the color of that cheap ten or sight spot you've got in the hole?"

"Feeney turned over his fourth deuce and hauled down the money. That sort o' took Carmody's nerve and he had to have several big drirks of the hard stuff to set him right again. While he was dringing Feeney took up the end of the stringing hat Carmody had abandoned.

"How much do you figure you'll pull down from those two contracts, Dan?" he asked his rival in business.

"About \$75,000, answered Carmody quickly, which is just \$75,000, and Fin good for that if I'm good for a twinkle in his eye. Just play me stud for those contracts. I'll say they're worth \$90,000, and I'm good for that if I'm good for a cent.

Carmody studied for a moment. He was already out \$11,000 in this poker game, and

1000, and I'm good for that if I'm good for a cent.

Carmody studied for a moment. He was already out \$11.000 in this poker game, and he wanted that money hack. The idea of playing his contracts against Feeney's hard cash rather appealed to his imagination, which was not less active on account of the huge quantity of staff he had been drinking.

"Well, I'll tell you what I'll do to give you a start in life, Tim,' said Carmody finally. You've got my cheeks for \$11.000, Supposing you call those two contracts worth \$70,000, return me those cheeks for \$11,000, and say that the two contracts I've got in my pocket are worth \$50,000 as they stand. Then I'll give you a chance to take as big a fall out of the contracts as you think you can.

"That idea sulted Feeney to a T, and I stood by to begin dealing again. The two contracts were pushed into the centre of the table by Carmody, and it was an additional part of my business, besides dealing, to make note of the changing value of the contracts as the game progressed.

"Well, the game continued to go Feeney's

Carmody, and it was an additional part of my business, besides dealing, to make note of the changing value of the contracts as the game progressed.

"Well, the game continued to go Feeney's way, and Carmody just looked at his contracts as Feeney began to edge them nearer and nearer to his end of the table. Carmody, while he figured that the contracts were so much velvet, didn't look happy when Feeney picked \$12,000 more out of them, leaving their value to Dan only an approxiate \$47,000, but he blaved on in the hope of better luck. Finally a queer hand came around. Carmody caught two queens, an eight and a seven. So did Feeney. This thing made Carmody mad.

"Of all the niggering out I ever saw, he exclaimed, 'this is the worst. But it's about time I had the best of it when it comes to pure bull-headed luck.

"So he bet the limit that he had a better card in the hole than Feeney. Feeney came back at him every clip, and when I interposed a remonstrance over the heftiness of the game, expressing the opinion that both of them would probably be sorry they had gane into the thing so heavily when the gray dawn came around, they said they knew they'd be sorry, and went right ahead.

"This is surety the hottest case of a standoff in a deal in stud that I've seen yet,' said Feeney, and I shouldn't be surprised if we had to split the pot when the show-down comes. But I'm as good as you, Carmody, on the four that show, and I'm with you all night if you're going to keep it up that long."

"When my tab of the shifting value of the contracts showed that Carmody's interest therein was only an even \$30,000, Carmody looked up at the celling of the cardroom and reflected.

"Here,' he said, 'is where I get my contracts back and break even, or where I have to go into partnership with a slow-witted Irishman on those buildings at The Dalles. Feeney, I call you."

"Feeney turned over a six spot. Carmody's interest the partnership with a slow-witted Irishman on those buildings at The Dalles.

call you."

"Feeney turned over a six spot. Carmody's card in the hole was a five. Feeney was the possessor of a haif interest in Carmody's fine contracts at The Dalles, and that's how it hanpened that these two builders, who had always gone it singly and alone, built up The Dalles in partnership. They got along so well together at The Dalles work that three years 'ater they went into a general contracting partnership and they've been getting rich ever since. But it was their stud game on The Dalles boat that induced me to conclude that old-fashioned draw was good enough for me."

NORWAY AND SWEDEN.

The demand of Norway and of the Norwe rians for political autonomy and the reluctance or refusal of Sweden and the Swedes to grant it is a matter of growing interest. The Norwegian Constitution dates back to 1814, and the Norwegians say they withheld certain rights which the Swedes aver were surrendered to the common monarchy along with the right of the King of Sweden to declare war, make peace, contract alliances, send and re eive Ambassadors, and manage the foreign affairs of the two kingdoms. The exact political relations between Norway and Sweden were not very clearly defined, and as a result of this indefiniteness and the ambiguity of the laws concerning them there has recently been a great deal of friction. The most recent cause of controversy arose from the alleged attempt of the King of Sweden to reduce the strength of the Norwegian Army while maintaining a large Swedish army for use in the

event of trouble. The area of Sweden is 172,000 square miles: the area of Norway is 124,000 square miles, or considerably less. The population of Sweden is nearly 5,000,000; the population of Norway s 2,000,000. The population per square mile of Sweden is 28; of Norway, 16. In a total population of 5.000,000 in Sweden, the excess of females is 100,000; it is just as large in Nov-

oil sweden is 20; of Aorway, 10. In a total population of 5,000,000; it is just as large in Norway, in a total population of only 2,000,000. Sweden has one large city, Stockholm, with a copulation of nearly 300,000; the largest city in Norway is Christiania, which is only half as large. The excess of births over deaths in Sweden is 60,000 s year; in Norway it is 30,000. The total emigration from Sweden in a year is 45,000, mostly male; from Norway it averages 10,000.

Practically all the emigration from Norway and Sweden is to the United States. There is some immigration into Sweden—into Norway none at all. The copulation of both countries is mainly rural, but more largely so in Sweden than in Norway. There are six times as many Swedes in Norway as there are Norwegians in Sweden. There were 1,500 Americans to speak of in Norway. Financially Sweden is much the stronger country of the two, and the Swedish Army is generally regarded as more formidable than the Norway and the swedish Army is generally regarded as more formidable than the Swedish Army numbers 30,000. The Swedish Army numbers about 40,000 on a peace footing.

The total debt of Sweden is 250,000,000 croyns, or about \$70,000,000. The total debt of Norway is 160,000,000. The total febt of Sweden is 250,000,000. The come tax and from the sale of stamps; the income tax and from the sale of stamps; the income tax and from the sale of stamps; the income tax and from the sale of stamps; the income tax and from the sale of stamps; the income tax and from the sale of stamps; the income tax and from the sale of stamps; the income tax and from the sale of stamps; the income tax and from the sale of s

Where Early Planting Is Desirable,

"I tell a well-meaning but perhaps not yet erfectly persistent young friend, who asks me about it," said Mr. Staybolt, "that there is no uch thing as an incubator that will hatch out eagles from dollars while you wait: that the only way, indeed, in which a money crop can be raised is by the most carsful and constant cultivation. And I venture to remind him, he being young and with the world yet before him, that this is a crop in which it is desirable to begin planting early, in order to produce the best results." SIX BEARS AND ALL TIPSY.

A MERRYMAKING AROUND A CIDER PRESS IN THE WOODS.

Possibilities in the Way of a Good Time to Be Found in a Pile of Pressed Apples-Sight Witnessed by Farmer Monroe-A Temperance Lesson in a Bear's Fate, WILLIAMSPORT. Pa., Dec. 10.-Rob Chamber. ain's theory that Pine Creek bears are group. ing in malice finds a believer in Frederick Monroe, a farmer living in the Puterbaugh Mountair district, near the headwaters of Larry's Creek. This is a famous region for

black bears, as nuts and acorns abound there. Monroe is a firm believer in the intelligence of black bears. He says that, save the horse, there is no animal so sagacious. He size believes that they are fond of a good time "I see that Bob Chamberlain, up to Cedar Run, thinks the Pine Creek bears are a little smarter than the common run of bears," he said, "but I saw something a year ago this fall that goes to show that the Larry's Creek and Puterbaugh Mountain bears are a step ahead of Chamberlain's. I have my eider ahead of Chamberian s. I have my eider press away from the house about three-quar-ters of a mile along the main road. Near the press runs a little stream of water that comes tumbling down through a rocky ravine. This

ravine, I learned years ago, is a famous run-way for bears. There's not a fresh snow in winter but what I see tracks either coming up or going down it. 'A year ago last fail I made eider for Phg Schultz, Abe Myers and myself, and as is my custom. I shovelled the 'pummies' out onto a pile back of the press. Myers's apples were searly all sweet, and, as you know, these are harder to get the juice out of than a crisa, sour apple. Well, when I'd got through with the elder making there was quite a pile of 'pummies'-seems to me there'd been two wagon loads of them. The day after we quit pressing it rained nearly all day, and those nummies' swelled up to double their size.

"The next two days were warm. During the middle of the day the sun was hot, and it beat down on that pile of wet 'pummies' until the whole pile just bubbled with fermentation Now,fermented 'pummies,'if you eat enough of them, give you a worse case of tanglefoot than the strongest kind of applejack, and I tell you my 'pummies' were in great shape. I had intended hauling them into the meadow, but I didn't want to handle them when they were so sour, so I let them lie there.

"Well, before the week was over the 'pum nies' played a part in one of the funniest things I ever saw. It was this way. My bor John, who goes to see one of Mose Henry's daughters across the hill, was coming home close onto midnight. As he was crossing the field above the house he heard a queer noise down toward the cider press. At first he thought the hogs had got out and were rooting in the acorn woods, but when he had stopped and listened he made up his mind that the noise was not made by pigs, but by bears, Now, the night was almost as bright as day from the full moon, but John wasn't quite brave enough to venture down into the ravine alone, so he came into the house and told me what was up.

'Hold on,' says I, 'wait until I get dressed and get my gun, I'll go with you.' Before I got ready my daughter Sadie, about 18 years got ready my daughter Sadie, about 18 rears of age, and one of the best rifle shots you ever saw, heard the racket, and she was bound to go along, too. So the three of us—each with a gun—slipped down the road toward where the bears were at work. I just reckoned that they had got into the 'pummies, but I never expected to find what we saw when we come around the bend of the road on a little incline just above the cider press. The moon was shining directly on the little corner where the press stood, so that everything in and about it was alight almost as if it had been midday. Well, sir, when we reached a point where we could see down into the road at the press our eyes fell on a funny sight. Right in the middle of the road were three full-grown bears, dancing one of the prettiest Virginia reels that you ever set eyes on at a husking bee or an apple-butter making.

Over to one side of the road next the cider press were two half-grown cubs, and the way they were hugging and jabbering and rubbing noses was a caution. These two little devils were as tiney as an old fiddler at an apple snjitzin', while the old bears that were dancing' in the road was they are came staggering out into the road from the direction of the pummis pile. He was as drunk as a lord. His jag was too heavy for dancing, and the sight of him made the three dancers in the roadway stop long as he could lean against the side of the end of that he went sprawling into the road in a heap.

"Well, sir, the other bears tugged and pulled and squelled and chattered by the old ellers." of age, and one of the best rifle shots you even

end of that he went sprawling into the road in a hean.

Well, sir, the other bears tugged and nulled and squealed and chattered, but the old fellow was too far gone. I says to Sadie. I wish old Deacon Miller could be here to see that old hear and leavn a lesson in temperance, for that's the way he wallers around in the road after a dar's visit to town. John he wanted to fireright into the bears and lay 'em all out, but I says. No. sir. John. You don't shoot a drunken bear nohow. Let 'em have a show for their white alley.' Sadie says as how she thought I was right, and she began readin' us a lecture on leavin' the pummies where the bears could get hold of 'em and learn bad habits. She said she had been readin' just the day before about the white men coming into this resion and teaching the Indians how to drink fire water and to chew tobacco, and now we were teaching the bears things that were bad.

"Well, we had lots of fun watching them tipsy bears. The youngsters were inst having a lovely time until one of them fell asleep and rolled down alougside the cider press like a possium. Then the other little devil see in such a pitiful howling that one of the old bears—his mammy, very likely—ran up to him and cuffed his ears for certain. The three dancing bears were evidently better drinkers than the one that had been laid out, for every little while they would shamble back to the nummie pile and wet their whistles, and then they'd come back into the road and dance. I had the hardest kind of work to keen John rom shooting them, but at last I compromise! that the hardest kind of work to keen John rom shooting them, but at last I compromise! the him the read ages a loog hay chain, with which to make were when him around the old bears neck he sort of found eat that something unusual was going on but leaves old fellow who lay aronning in the read, and get a long hay chain, with which to make were the him the road and the chain the rise of the lift frightened the bears drunk as how sie didn't propose to see a bear tricked

And the Various Purposes That it is De-

signed to Serve. Slender iron ladders are often seen attached o great smokestacks, and especially to but, fty firebrick-lined stacks of iron. Sometimes in the case of twin iron chimners standed declose together a light spiral stairway is rounce. between them to the top, serving the purpose of a ladder and being more convenient. It doesn't cost very much to build in a ladder

s the chimney goes up, and there is then place a permanent and convenient means getting at any part of the chimney, inside out, for any purpose. Brick chimneys an sometimes lined with fire brick, and they a also sometimes built with a space between the flue and the outer structure. It for any to some it should be desired to get at the terior of a chimney the incider affords a real and convenient means of access to the terior of a chimney can be lowered in a bossin chair. In the case of chimney cays, built to haps of a number of pieces, the indider give convenient means, arready in place, for settle at the top of the chimney for any repairs the may be necessary.

The more common uses of the ladder, however, are those to which it is primarily devoted on iron chimneys, upon which it is most commonly found—to make more convenient the periodical inspection of the chimney and to make the chimney assier of access for its regular painting. getting at any part of the chimney, insi-